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Quack Doctors

DISSECTED;

OR,

A new, cheap, and improved Edition

OF

CORRY'S DETECTOR OF QUACKERY:

CONTAINING

Several curious Anecdotes

OF

SOLOMON, BRODUM, PERKINS,

And other modern Empiries;

WITH

Strictures on Book-makers, & Puffing Publishers.

Honesta quædam scelera successus facit. SENECA.

La satire * * * * *

* * * * * Seule bravant l'orgueil et l'injustice,
Va jusques sous le dais faire pâlir le vice. BOILEAU.

Let's carve them like a dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew them like a carcass fit for hounds.

SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:

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CHAMPANTE and WHITROW, Jewry-street, Aldgate; also
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and Son, Manchester; WOODWARD, Liverpool; and all
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DEDICATION.

THIS little Work is respectfully inscribed to all Persons who prize Health and Longevity;—particularly those whose honest Credulity may render them liable to be deceived by the specious Puffs of Quack Doctors; those Impostors who, under the Protection of a Patent, destroy numbers of their Fellow-Creatures with impunity.

THE AUTHOR.

SANCTIONS.

"THIS may be called the Age of Quackery, from the abundance of *Impostors* of every kind that prey upon society, and the public have reason to be thankful to this intelligent *Detector*, for exposing with so much judgment and ingenuity, the fraudulent acts of those who make it their business and profit to deteriorate the health and morals of the public."

MONTHLY MIRROR.

"To bring *empiricism* of any description under the lash of ridicule, is one way of establishing the credit of legitimate science;—therefore, he who laughs successfully at *Quackery*, deserves the thanks of society."

CRITICAL REVIEW.

"NEARLY one-half of this pocket volume is devoted to Medical Empiricism; and here Doctor's Solomon and Brodum *very properly* occupy very auspicious situations."

MONTHLY EPITOME.

"ON the whole, the *Detector of Quackery* has merit of *intention* as well as *execution*, and when he tries his hand again, we doubt not that he will profit by our hints; taking them as they are intended in good part."

MONTHLY REVIEW.

"WE are glad to see that our Author is a *friend to morality and religion*. On medical and philosophical Quacks he is, indeed, severe; the former poison the body, and the latter the mind of the credulous and unwary; both, therefore, deserve the flagellation which is bestowed upon them."

UNIVERSALIST'S MISCELLANY.

Quack Doctors Dissected.

AMONGST the improvements in science of which this age can boast, the art of healing has been brought to the greatest perfection: Cures little less than miraculous are *said* to be daily performed by the administration of nostrums, such as De Velno's Vegetable Syrup; the Nervous Cordial, and the Balm of Gilead. It appears that health and longevity may now be purchased for a few shillings; and nothing but obstinate incredulity can prevent the belief that some sage will suddenly arise, to dispense immortality to the human species.

Indeed, Dr. Beddoes has made a gigantic stride towards immortality. His oxygen gas, if taken in sufficient quantity, will counteract the decays of nature; and as there is little doubt that a man will live as long as he can breathe this pure ether, the Doctor bids fair to restore the longevity of the antediluvians. But even *vital air* itself is less powerful in its effects than galvanism.

By the application of metallic substances, zinc, &c. to the muscular parts of cold-blooded animals, such as frogs, and warm-blooded animals, such as geese, asses, men, women, and children, the most wonderful *distortions* are produced. Nay, we are told, that in an experiment made on a malefactor who was executed at Newgate, he immediately opened his mouth;—doubtless, another application would have made him speak, but the operators, Aldini, Wilkinson, and Co. were so much affrighted, that they threw down their instruments and took to their heels.

The Galvanic *Battery* is very different from that used by the military. The latter destroys the living, but the former, directed by an adept like Mr. Wilkinson, may be brought to raise the dead.

Having thus paid a tribute of approbation to those *disinterested* and *modest* philosophers who labour incessantly for the public good, let us now turn our attention to a still more extraordinary class of men, the *modest* and *just* Doctors Brodum, Solomon, and Gardener. These extraordinary men, without either education or genius, have contrived to persuade the public to purchase their medicines; in consequence of which they are enabled to live in a style of grandeur. Is it not wonderful, that while the industrious tradesman struggles hard to obtain a

well-taxed subsistence, such beings as Solomon should be sanctioned by a patent in the practice of imposture! Nay, such is the public credulity, that those persons who exclaim against the smallest rise in the price of necessaries, are among the first to give their money for mixtures of treacle, water, urine, and a variety of nauseous ingredients, under the well-sounding names of Balm of Gilead, Nervous Cordial, and Vegetable Syrup. Alas! how many sonorous names have the poisoners of mankind bestowed upon Death!

Will it be believed by posterity, that at the commencement of the nineteenth century Quack Doctors were enabled, by the credulity of Englishmen, to amass wealth; nay, that any pretender to the art of healing might for a few pounds *purchase* the academic degree of M. D. in a Scotch university, and afterwards obtain a patent to slay his thousands and tens of thousands according to law! It may, indeed, be asserted in vindication of patents, that since people will venture to swallow nostrums, the State ought to profit by their credulity and folly.

BRODUM or SOLOMON with physic,
Like Death, dispatch the wretch that is sick;
Pursue a sure and thriving trade—
Though patients die, the Doctor's paid!
Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace
For what another mounts a gallows!

Dr. Brodum is a German Jew; he attended Dr. Bossy in quality of a footman, when that beneficent sage came over to enlighten the eyes of the English, and with him made the tour of England. Having obtained the knowledge of several medical terms, by being present at the lectures of his eloquent master, this enterprising little lacquey resolved to commence Doctor himself. We are not certain whether the love of gain, or a desire to alleviate the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, first induced Dr. Brodum to give up the science of shaving, dressing a wig, and brushing a coat, for the more elegant art of preparing the *Nervous Cordial* and *Botanical Syrup*—two medicines which, from the Doctor's knowledge of the Linnæan system of botany, we may consider as grand restoratives of nature. Perhaps his medical skill was communicated in a vision by some *demon* of the German *Illuminati*. But it is not improbable, that the secret of preparing the above-mentioned medicines is hereditary in his family, as the Doctor himself seems to insinuate, when he tells us in his "*Guide to Old Age*," that "there is no other person of the name of Brodum in England." Many are the different mediums by which wisdom can be imparted to others. Count Cagliostro may have bequeathed to the Doctor the secret of *manufacturing* his *Baum de Vie*; or, perhaps, the famous Count

de St. Germaine communicated his recipe for the preparation of his *Tea for prolonging Life*.

The talisman, however, which metamorphosed a lacquey into a physician, was the diploma which the *benevolent* and *disinterested* professors in the Marischal College of Aberdeen sent to this enterprising foreigner. But whether that learned body accepted a pecuniary compensation of one pound thirteen shillings and three pence three farthings sterling, as *Dr. Panglos* says they did from him, or whether the little German was liberal enough to send them a larger sum, is only known to the parties concerned.

Soon after the commencement of his medical career, the Doctor found a powerful auxiliary in the person of the late Quack Doctor Freeman's widow. His union to this *sapient female* contributed much to his *physical knowledge*; and if she prove a fruitful vine, their illustrious progeny, by a timely initiation into the principles of medical imposture, may be able to supply all the *dupes* and *fools* in Europe with remedies for every disease.

Having travelled through different parts of England, like a public benefactor, generously dispensing medicines for a small compensation, the Doctor at length resolved to become a resident in the metropolis.

That merit such as his should go unre-

warded, would be an extraordinary instance of degeneracy in the English nation. A man who raised himself from the humble situation of a menial servant to the honourable avocation of working miracles, and who, without either genius or education, has been the author of a work which (he says) has already passed through upwards of fifty editions, must be a most wonderful being!

A person with such multifarious endowments must be fully adequate to the important task of producing a treatise fraught with instruction, and calculated to guide the aspiring youth of *Old England* to the desirable attainment of a *premature old age*; a consummation which they appear to be ambitious of arriving at with all possible celerity, if we may judge from the dissoluteness of their lives.

The compiler of *Literary Memoirs of Living Authors*, speaking of Dr. Brodum, calls him "one of those empirics in physic and newspaper puffers, whose machinations are gulphs to the current of life." How illiberal! Can a man who devotes his studies to the benefit of the *public* and *himself* deserve so hard a censure? Nay, was it not invidious in the critic to omit the name of Dr. Solomon, whose pamphlet was equally entitled to his observation? Dr. Brodum in this and every other instance of invidious animad-

version on his public services, may console himself with the reflection, that *great men* have ever been subject to the empoisoned shafts of calumny, and that censure is a tax which a man must pay to the public for being eminent.

The Guide to Old Age is, like Solomon's Guide to Health, embellished with a portrait of the author; so that the happy convalescent may contemplate the benign lineaments of his benefactor. Indeed, if viewed with the scrutinizing eye of a physiognomist, it might be found that Dr. B.'s portrait presented *traits of servility and cunning* unworthy of the countenance of a philosopher.

When we reflect, however, on the national benefit of universal health bestowed by those *retailers of sanity*, or *miracle-mongers*, we must rejoice in the idea that agriculture, manufactures, and every art and science, may now be pursued without the interruption of sickness. Public-spirited men, like our *advertising physicians*, have a claim on the national gratitude, and are justly entitled to civic honours. If a Roman who saved the life of a citizen was considered as a benefactor to the state, how much more should such men as Dr. Brodum and Dr. Solomon, who have saved thousands, be rewarded and honoured! Would it not be worthy of British generosity to open a subscription for the purpose of erecting

statues of these *good men*. The statues might be placed as ornaments to the front of Newgate; one on the right side, and the other on the left, of that awful spot: whence so many youthful heroes take their flight to the world unknown. The victim of vice, whom the laws of his country had doomed to an untimely grave, might then point to the statues, and moralize with his last breath on the beneficial effect of *nostrums*, while he acknowledged, that the promise of *renovated health* had induced him to continue his *career of depravity*, and to wander through the haunts of impurity and disease, till excess, like a flame to the oil, *exhausted his constitution*, and pernicious habits drove him to an open violation of the laws of that society which had “*cast him off like a detested sin!*”

It appears, that this aspiring little Jew “*would be a soldier!*” When the magnanimous Mr. Reeves sounded the *tocsin* of alarm, and taylor, barbers, artificial florists, and men-milliners, rushed to arms in defence of *their property*, the Doctor, not content with pursuing one species of destruction, became ambitious of distinguishing himself as a *man-queller* in the tented field! Accordingly, in an evil hour, he became a member of the St. James’s corps of volunteers, to the great consumption of his roast beef and wine; for he, with true *Jewish*

hospitality, invited several of his brother soldiers to dinner from time to time, and by the *eloquence* of *good cheer* endeavoured to obtain their suffrages in promoting him to the rank of an officer. Disgusted at the idea of being commanded by an *Israelite*, the corps, very much to their honour, repressed the ambition of our hero, who soon afterwards laid down his arms, and resumed his usual instruments of war, collected from the vegetable kingdom. It certainly was rather impolitic to reject poor Dr. B.; for, since the war with France continues, a man of his wonderful versatility of genius may be of essential service in a *military* as well as *medical* capacity. A few drops of his *Nervous Cordial* would have operated as a most excellent *tonic* to raw soldiers on their first onset; and from the Doctor's uncommon powers of vision, he would have made an excellent *aid-de-camp*, as he was eminently qualified to reconnoitre the position of the enemy.

Next to Brodum, the most noted advertising Quack of which England may justly boast, is the disinterested Doctor Solomon, late of Liverpool, who has been authorised by the *generous* Professors of the Marischal College of Aberdeen to kill or cure *secundum artem*.

According to the most authentic documents it appears, that the sage Solomon is

a Jew, who in his youthful days earned an *honest livelihood* by hawking black-ball thro' the streets of Newcastle-on-Tyne. His advancement is remarkable; for it appears, that he has since turned his attention from blacking the boots of the gentlemen to varnishing the faces of the ladies. His Abstergent Lotion will doubtless *cleanse* the skin of any fair-one who has the folly to apply it to her epidermis. Poor Solomon has passed through almost as many changes as a butterfly. He endeavoured to establish a newspaper in Liverpool, but the good sense of the people prevailed, the aspiring Jew was obliged to seek a more friendly soil; and he actually had the *honesty* and *modesty* to propose to sell his unestablished newspaper to a young bookseller in Castle-street, Liverpool! It appears that he is determined to quit a place, whose inhabitants are so ungrateful for all his pains to collect their money into his own purse; and it is said, that he is determined to make Birmingham his future place of residence. That celebrated town, in which such multitudes of destructive instruments are fabricated, will derive still greater fame from the Balm of Gilead and Anti-Impetigines; inasmuch, that it may in future be called the *Head Quarters of Death*: for it is questionable, whether the nostrums circulated from that spot will not be the means

of sending more human beings to a better world, than all the guns and swords manufactured there.

In his *Guide to Health*, Dr. Solomon informs the public, "that the most learned physicians have been unable to discover in the Cordial Balm of Gilead the least particle of mercury, antimony, iron, or any other mineral except gold, (pure virgin gold) and the Balm of Mecca." What an excellent alchymist! Without doubt Dr. Solomon has converted all the *gold* sent to him by the public into *cordial balm* for the relief of the diseased. The costly preparation of this nostrum at once accounts for the scarcity of the gold in circulation—Dr. Solomon has dissolved our guineas into balm! Let us no longer express our disapprobation of bank-notes; for, where is there a man who would not give his last seven-shilling piece for so patriotic a purpose as to preserve the health of the nation!

Dr. Solomon does not tell us by what means the wonderful secret of mingling gold with the balm of Mecca was first communicated to him. Perhaps the *inspiring dove* of Mahomet flew from Mecca to the Doctor with the healing balm on its wings, and incited him to impose upon the vile Christians of England; thus, by a combination of *Jewish* and *Mahometan wisdom*, enabling the sage to work miracles.

Cavillers may say, that the Doctor's pretensions to a new discovery in medicine is only a revival of the *chimerical* experiments of former deluded alchymists; but, from his general professions of benevolence, it must be evident, that he not only means well, but is convinced of the efficacy of his *Anti-Impetigines*. This *hard word* reminds us of the observations of a Spanish satyrist on Quack medicines:—"To hear Quacks call over their *simples*," says he, "would make you swear they were raising so many devils;—such as Opopanex, Buphtalmas, Alectorolophos, Ophioscroden, and a great many more. And by all this formidable bombast is meant nothing in the world but a few simple roots, such as carrots, turnips, radishes, and the like. But they keep the old proverb in remembrance—*He that knows thee will never buy thee*: and, therefore, every thing must be made a mystery to hold the public in ignorance."

It has been mentioned in the former part of this work, that the Doctor has adorned his elegant Treatise with his portrait. Besides this embellishment, he has favoured the public with an engraving of his mansion in Liverpool. Hence the happy *few* who have been so fortunate as to outlive the effects of his *Cordial Balm* and *Anti-Impetigines*, may view the residence of their benefactor. A scale is annexed, by which it

appears, that the body of this *consecrated tenement* is seventy feet long; and undoubtedly, were the philanthropic proprietor exalted according to his merit, he would be placed by public justice in a situation as eminent and conspicuous as *that which conferred immortality on HAMAN!*

The following ludicrous incident is said to have lately occurred in the vicinity of Liverpool:

A tradesman of Everton, a small village near that town, to his great regret discovered that his wife, though formerly modest and temperate, on a sudden became a dram-drinker. Enraged at her depravity, he interrogated her so sternly, that she confessed she had been allured to the pernicious habit by sipping the Balm of Gilead, the Botanical Syrup, and other nostrums. She then produced the empty bottles which had contained these intoxicating cordials, and told her husband that three of her female neighbours had also been deluded into the same habit.

The aggrieved husband prevailed upon his wife to promise that she would never again be guilty of such folly, he then went and informed his neighbours of the odious vice into which their wives had fallen;—filled with indignation, these men concerted a plan to chastise a Jewish Quack who lived in their vicinity, and whose nostrums had

been the principal cause of their misfortune.

A messenger was sent with a letter summoning the Doctor to attend a patient; and the poor Israelite tempted by the hope of gain, set out for Everton. He was intercepted by the four men, who each, disguised with a cow-hide and a large pair of horns, seized the affrighted Jew, dragged him into a field, and compelled him to swallow a whole bottle of his own nostrum. The Doctor supposing them to be demons, sent to punish him for his imposition on the public, invoked Moses and the Prophets to protect him, but in vain. His punishers tossed him in a blanket which they had privately prepared for the purpose, (*see engraving*), while they filled the air with their hisses and execrations. They afterwards permitted the Quack to return home; but such, it is said, was his chagrin, that he resolved to leave a place where he had been so severely treated, and actually advertised his premises to be *let or sold*.

Some years ago, Doctor Solomon made a trip to Dublin, supposing that a people who had been so long in the habit of swallowing liquid poison, under the name of Whiskey, would easily be persuaded to purchase his nostrum. On his arrival in the Irish capital he called upon a vender of patent medicines, and enquired whether he sold the ex-

cellent panacea of the celebrated and far-re-nowned Dr. Solomon, of Liverpool. The man replied in the negative;—"O, sir," said the quack, "Dr. Solomon is one of the most skilful physicians in Europe, his Cordial Balm of Gilead is an universal restorative." "I now recollect," said the shopkeeper, "that a friend of mine who resides in this neighbourhood, is very loud in his praise of that medicine; if you please, sir, I will send for him."

The Doctor bowed assent; the person came, and after the introductory compliments, the self-conceited egotist exclaimed, "I understand, sir, that you approve of Dr. Solomon's Cordial Balm of Gilead." "I do indeed," replied the other, "I have received very great benefit from it, and shall ever consider it as one of the most excellent medicines in the world. A few weeks since a rich old aunt of mine thought proper to purchase a bottle of Dr. Solomon's Cordial Balm of Gilead, or Anti-Impetigines, I don't exactly know which; the consequence was that before she used half the contents of the bottle she died, leaving me heir to her estate! For my part I shall ever approve of that excellent medicine to which I am indebted for my fortune."

The disconcerted Quack sneaked away, leaving the Hibernians to enjoy the laugh at

his expense, and he returned to Old England the true soil for the successful practice of quackery.

When this Jew commenced worker of miracles, he, like other *pretenders* to the art of healing, proposed to administer his nostrums to the poor *gratis*. But with the utmost Jewish cunning, he required that the applicants should produce a certificate of their poverty, signed by the minister of their parish. He afterwards published these certificates as vouchers for the efficacy of his medicines, and consequently imposed upon the public.

In the early stages of his progress in the art of healing, this quack is said, had recourse to the following scheme: He called on several booksellers and medicine venders in the different cities and towns, proposing to leave a few bottles of his medicines with them on sale or return, at the same time he privately engaged a correspondent to purchase the whole from time to time. The duped venders immediately ordered a large quantity of the nostrums, most of which remained unsold; but the Doctor at his periodical visit, insisted that they should pay for the whole, and threatened those who refused with a prosecution.

One benefit will in time be derived by the community from quack medicines. The

people by repeated experiments of the inefficacy of Brodum's, Solomon's, Swainson's, and Gardner's nostrums, will at length find them operate as a cure for *credulity*.

With regard to the respective merit of the German and English Quacks, it would be difficult to determine which is best entitled to our approbation. Solomon being a Jew of our own growth, probably considers Brodum as an interloper. We do not hear that either of these practitioners are popular among their brethren. The children of *Abraham* are too cunning to give their *monish* for either the Nervous Cordial or even the Balm of Gilead itself! Indeed, the incredulity of the Israelites is proverbial. Dr. Solomon is doubtless skilled in the virtues of every simple, "from the cedar that grows in Lebanon to the hyssop that grows on the wall;" and he even seems to excel the German empiric by experiments upon those *assenine bipeds* who swallow his cordial. Fair dames, who are desirous to imbibe instruction at the fountain-head, have now a fine opportunity to gratify their curiosity; and we may expect to hear of some fashionable *demi-reps* visiting the *wise man* of Liverpool, as the Queen of Sheba did his namesake at Jerusalem.

We have said Dr. S. intends to reside in Birmingham. In a late visit to that town, he often asserted in a coffee-house, that he

had *two ships* at sea; though it is well known that he is not the owner even of a wherry. How long will credulous Englishmen be duped by the impudent pretensions of various impostors.

Dr. Senate, like a benevolent philosopher, has endeavoured to remedy the waste occasioned by the sword, by *Lozenges of Steel*, which will render even sterility itself prolific. It is remarkable that the Quack should think it necessary, in a public advertisement, to “declare *solemnly*, that no person living, except himself and another person, ever saw or has any knowledge of the preparation with which *Les Pastilles Martiales de Montpellier*, or *Aromatic Lozenges of Steel*, are prepared.” Steel has ever been either an excellent friend or formidable enemy to the human race, according to the use to which it was applied. The Poet says,

“What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like man, submit to fate;
Steel could the labours of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust th’imperial tow’rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground:
What wonder then, fair dame, thy health should feel
The conqu’ring force of unresisted steel!

indeed there is the greatest probability that such ladies as are rash enough to swallow the *metallic tonic* of Dr. S. will have but too much reason to agree with the poet.

Few persons will have the hardihood to

deny the power of steel. As a *political medicine* it has been pretty liberally dispensed on the Continent, to the destruction of myriads of the human species; but how pills of the same metal can be conducive to population is extremely paradoxical indeed.

Next to the physicians who have recommended internal medicines to the public, may be mentioned those eminent surgeons who have distinguished themselves by *professing* to cure external ailments.

The most remarkable of these is Mr. B. D. Perkins, whose far-famed Tractors are *said* to have dispensed health in both hemispheres. So just is the eulogium of the poet,

Arm'd with twin skewers, see Perkins, by main force,
Drag the foul fiend from Christian and from horse!

In the preface of a pamphlet, entitled "The Influence of the Metallic Tractors on the Human Body," we are informed, that "the writer has crossed the Atlantic and become a resident in London*, that he may devote his time and attention to the diffusion of this important discovery, and its application to the relief of the miseries of mankind."

Excellent and philanthropic young man! disinterested son of a generous father! thou hast ventured thy life over the innumerable waves of the vast Western Ocean, and has-

* Dr. Johnson calls London "the needy villain's general home."

tened, on the wings of Zephyrus, with *healing in thy Tractors*, to remove diseases from Britain! What reward can be adequate to thy services! If the small remuneration of five guineas a *brace* be an insufficient compensation, thou mayest, *O friend Perkins*, receive the more glorious recompence of academic honours, which the professors of the liberal sciences in Aberdeen are so willing to bestow, *gratuitously*, on merit. But perhaps, friend, the price of a few sets of thy Tractors might accelerate this desirable event; and it is not improbable, that, instead of a personal examination, the sage professors would be content with examining the *bank-notes* enclosed in thy letter.

Although Mr. P. has obtained a patent, he observes, that it is not his intention to withhold the advantages of the discovery from the public, who may be supplied with his curious instruments for the moderate price of *five guineas a set*, which Mr. P. considers as a *trifle*!

Mr. P. imports his Tractors from America in parcels of two hundred sets, *valued by him* at one thousand guineas! Suppose this miraculous surgeon should dispose of only the above-mentioned number every week, on an average we should exchange fifty-two thousand guineas annually for *base metal*! O Englishmen! how long will you suffer yourselves to be imposed upon by the

artifices of empirics! How long will you, (confessedly the most wealthy and sensible nation on earth) permit Quack Doctors to prey upon the fruits of your industry!

Many credulous and foolish people in this island, especially in the metropolis, are very opulent, and often imagine themselves indisposed when only labouring under the torpor of indolence. Such beings will purchase any nostrum, however ridiculous; and their imagination being roused and amused by making experiments, the animal spirits acquire a greater degree of activity, and the doltish individual fancies himself restored to a lively state of health by such a miraculous operation as rubbing a brazen and an iron skewer along his *epidermis*!

And now, courteous reader, as we have investigated the claims, and exposed the fallacy, of the *four principal empirics who infest England*, little remains to be said on the subject. It is true, there are several other *miracle-mongers* of inferior note: such as the vender of Leake's Patent Pills, Dr. Barton's *Vital Wine*, and that still more *volatile cordial Oxygen Gas*. But these, as well as Dr. Squirrel's Tonic Drops and Powders, Godbold's Vegetable Balsam, De Veluo's Vegetable Syrup, and Essence of Mustard, are almost too insignificant to require *animadversion*.

We shall conclude this article with an

account of a few experiments made with the most popular Quack Medicines; observations on the general, *moral*, and *physical* effects of a belief in the efficacy of nostrums; and a few hints submitted to the consideration of Valetudinarians.

The following account of the effect of Quack Medicines administered by a respectable farmer, will illustrate their general utility :—

Mr. Thomas Wilkinson, a rich farmer of Avondale, near Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, is one of those queer fellows who examine every novel improvement before they give it their sanction. With the greatest good nature imaginable, this singular *true-born Englishman* is rather incredulous respecting the efficacy of nostrums; the excellent moral effects of the new philosophy; the equality of the sexes; and similar paradoxes which engage the attention of the learned and ingenious in this enlightened age.

Possessing a sound constitution, in consequence of a life of temperance; Mr. W. is particularly incredulous with regard to human skill in the prevention and cure of disease. Indeed his aversion to the tribe of Esculapius is so great, that he often repeats the sentiment of Dryden, “God never *made* his work for man to *mend*,” which he considers as an axiom. When slightly in-

disposed, a friend advised him to take a medicine; but the farmer with a sarcastic smile replied, "Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it!" He has more respect for surgical skill; for, as he justly observes, "a man who can bind up a fracture or dress a wound is of real utility, while a physician who prescribes merely from observation, may sometimes aid, but will be more liable to obstruct the operations of nature."

This rural philosopher finding that several of his neighbours were under the influence of credulity, and that some of them had even gone so far as to *purchase patent medicines*, he resolved to undeceive them if possible. For this purpose he collected a quantity of the most celebrated nostrums, and convened the villagers on a bowling-green in front of his mansion, where, after giving them an excellent dinner in the style of true English hospitality, he produced his medicines, and ordered his servants to bring forward the patients on whom the experiments were to be tried.

An unfortunate *ass* was first produced, to the no small amusement of the villagers, but farmer Wilkinson requested them to be attentive: "You do not know," said he, "how much your own health depends on the success of my experiments this day." Saying this, he approached with great gravity, and administered a whole bottle of Dr. Brodum's

Nervous Cordial to the poor quadruped, which, on swallowing the dose, brayed most horribly. The victim of Quackery then *fell down in a fit*, from which he was roused by throwing a pailful of water in his face; but had it not been for an emollient drench administered by a skilful farrier, the animal would certainly have expired under the operation of the nostrum.

The villagers were amazed, and looked with horror on the ass as he was led away to his stall. On old woman, however, who was as remarkable for her *eloquence* as her *obstinacy*, very judiciously observed, "that the farmer had not given the medicine a fair trial, for that only a few *tea-spoonsful* should have been administered at once." The young people laughed at the idea of an ass being drenched with a tea-spoon, but Mr. Wilkinson declared, that he thought *Dame Crabtree* might be in the right: "You shall have a whole bottle of the *Nervous Cordial*," said he, "if you will consent to take a dose of it every evening, and I have no doubt that in a short time you will be cured of your propensity to scandal and scolding." "No, thank ye," replied she, "you are very kind indeed; so you want to poison me, as well as the poor ass, do you?"

A bottle of Doctor Solomon's *Anti-Im-petigines* was then uncorked, and a *hog* brought forward as the patient on whom its

benign effects were to be tried. The animal yelled most hideously while the medicine was poured down its throat, and afterwards ran about as if mad, endeavouring to bite every thing within its reach. The women shrieked and took to their heels, but the men compelled the *swinish patient* to retire to the middle of the circle which they formed round it, and in a few minutes it lay down, and continued to *grunt most piteously* till it fell fast asleep. "There's the blessed effects of nostrums for you, my friends," cried Wilkinson, with an air of triumph, "I thought I should be able to develope imposture!"

While the people were employed in making philosophical reflections on the *medicated hog*, a *cat* was produced, and in spite of her mewling and scratching, she was compelled to swallow one of Dr. Senate's *Lozenges of Steel*. To describe the convolutions and contortions of *poor puss* would be impossible; no squirrel or monkey on a chain ever exhibited such a variety of postures, while her mewings expressed the pain which her bowels endured. A *salutary evacuation* afforded her relief; but the women whispered among themselves, that *no consideration* should induce them to suffer such agonies.

The third experiment was made with *Perkin's Metallic Tractors*, a set of which had been purchased by Mr. W. in order to

convince his neighbours of their *inefficacy*. He had received these wonderful instruments a few days before, and desired the village blacksmith to make him half a dozen iron skewers of the same size. An old kitchen poker was, by the force of fire, and the skill of the artist, transformed into a number of skewers, which, though not so well polished as the *Metallic Tractors*, were equally valuable in the estimation of the farmer. He first enquired whether any person present was afflicted with aches or pains. Dame Thomson came forward, and declared that she felt a slight rheumatic pain in one of her arms. "O we'll soon remove that," cried the farmer; "here are a pair of the famous *Metallic Tractors* that you have so often heard of; they cure *all pains*." Saying this, he applied the home-made skewers, and the woman, with apparent pleasure, exclaimed, "I protest, dear Sir, you have cured me already; my arm is quite well again!"

Wilkinson suppressed a laugh, and ordered his *house-ug* to be brought forward. Poor Pompey came, and the farmer desired one of his servants to sear the animal's foot slightly, that he might prove the efficacy of the *Tractors* in curing a burn. He then applied the *genuine American metal* to the burnt part, in presence of all his neighbours; but, notwithstanding the various geometrical fi-

gures which he drew upon the spot, Pompey continued to yelp and wail, and when let loose, limped away to his kennel.

An overgrown Goose was then brought forward as a proper subject for a trial of De Velno's Vegetable Syrup. About half a bottle was poured down the throat of the hissing patient, which soon began to gabble so loudly and move its wings with such force, that it required a stout young fellow to hold it. In a few minutes, however, the poor goose gave a most tremendous hiss and expired, to the great terror of the beholders.

The farmer then addressed the people:—"You have this day," said he, "discovered the inefficacy of Patent and Quack Medicines; let me never again hear any of you extol such ridiculous palliatives, which seem to mock pain and disease instead of giving relief. As for the miracle performed on the arm of Dame Thomson, it was effected by part of my old kitchen poker, which Ben Perkins, our blacksmith, took to the smith yesterday and hammered into skewers" While he spoke, poor Mrs. Thomson, who had *only imagined* she was cured, felt a sudden tingling in her arm, and went home to wrap it up in flannel, while the rest of the villagers retired with a thorough conviction that the cures said to be performed by nostrums were imaginary, and that such preparations were only in-

vented by fraudulent Quacks for the purpose of profiting by the credulity of mankind.

It is to be regretted, however, that empirical physicians continue detached; nay, even averse to each other; when they might, by a combination of their talents, contribute to the happiness of the public.

When the ingenious Mr. Brodum first obtained the title of Doctor, he circulated a number of pamphlets giving an account of cures; but the printer, by an error in the punctuation, made it appear as if the effects of the medicine had been pernicious, instead of beneficial:—" *A young man of Shoe-lane, who had lost the use of his limbs for six months by Dr. Brodum's Nervous Cordial,—was cured.*"

One of these pamphlets falling into the hands of a humourist, who was acquainted with another quack, he wrote in his name to Dr. Brodum, and after commending the German for his candour, in publicly acknowledging the injurious effects of his nostrum, he concluded with observing, "but you should have said *he was cured—by Dr. W.'s incomparable balsam!*" This letter brought on a most furious correspondence between the two empirics, who were equally abusive, illiterate, and ignorant.

An emperor among the ancients offered a reward to whoever should invent a new amusement; and in this age of refinement

we daily see the discoveries of genius liberally patronised by the community. Let our Quack Doctors then *coalesce*, and profit by the universal passion for *something new*.

Under the sanction of the Lord Chamberlain, a most amusing dramatic entertainment might be performed, under the denomination of *The Grand Pantomimic-farcical-tragi-comical Drama*. This institution might be conducted by our most celebrated medical operators, Doctors Brodum, Solomon, Senate, and Gardner, together with that *matchless surgeon*, Mr. Perkins, united in *one firm* for the cure of all diseases incident to man.

Their theatre might be a temporary structure of wood, emblematic of the transitory nature of all earthly blessings. Before the curtain drew up, a number of swine, cats, parrots, peacocks, and owls, might by the '*concord of sweet sounds*,' harmonise the minds of the audience. The first scene should exhibit a number of old men and women hobbling in on crutches, and *groaning*, to the great delight of the hearers, while Mr. Perkins, like a kind magician, came forward, and by touching the old women with his talismanic Tractors, they should appear suddenly restored to health and ease. Meanwhile, Dr. Gardner, like Jupiter Tonans, might, by the force of his electric fire, expel the demon of pain from the distorted

limbs of the old men. Thus perfectly cured, as if by miracle, the happy assemblage might *dance* in a circle round the two philosophers, and afterwards march off the stage with acclamations of joy.

The next scene should exhibit Dr. Brodam busily employed in preparing his Nervous Cordial and Botanical Syrup, by an intermixture of different oils and simples, from jars, gallipots, and bottles; while his great colleague, Dr. Solomon, appeared on the opposite side of the stage, ardently engaged in bottling his Cordial Balm of Gilead and Anti-Impetigines. In a short dialogue, the Doctors might exhort each other to persevere in deceiving the credulous, by selling a few intermingled simples as efficacious specifics.

On the arrival of several patients being announced, the scene should change to a spacious apartment. Here a multitude of young and old, of both sexes, might appear in masquerade, exhibiting the most cadaverous and emaciated visages imaginable. On the entrance of the two Doctors, as they are both remarkable for the modesty of their proposals and the elegance of their manners, they should, in a low voice, inquire into the nature of each particular case. Indeed this would afford an excellent opportunity for pantomimic gesticulation, as the patients might give an affecting idea of their tor-

tures, by the distortion of their limbs, accompanied with shrieks and groans.

After this ceremony, on a bell being rung, two servants should enter with the celebrated nostrums. While Dr. Brodenn administered his restorative Cordial, or Syrup; Dr. Solomon might also pour out the vial of his Anti-Impetigines, or his Balm, as each particular case should require. An instantaneous cure, as if by miracle, should succeed this operation, which might be very naturally represented by the masks falling off, while the real faces presented the bloom of health, and the freshness and lustre of youthful vigour, to the admiring eyes of the astonished spectators.

The happy train thus miraculously healed, might express their gratitude to their benefactors in a song. In order to render the stage-effect more impressive, the three beneficent sages before-mentioned might enter and join their venerable brethren, while the whole posse of inferior venders of specifics and panaceas should appear, forming a magnificent procession. When the whole assemblage of *miracle-mongers* were collected in the middle of the stage, JUSTICE should be represented as descending from heaven, and by one touch of her fiery sword the ground should open beneath the feet of the beneficent advertising physicians and their satellites, while they sunk to *Erebus*

profound, and a vast volume of sulphureous flame issued from the Tartarean abyss, similar to the catastrophe of Abomelique, in Blue Beard, or Female Curiosity.

Sometimes an apparent cure by a quack medicine is productive of a more painful disease. Thus, an ulcer healed may be only the closing of the orifice, while the morbid matter, by taking another course, may form an incurable imposthume. A celebrated quack-salver in this metropolis, recently sent a patient to the "undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns," by healing an ulcer in his leg. In a few days, the empiric was met by the widow, who returned him thanks for the favor, by saying, "God bless you, Sir, you cured my husband, but he died in three weeks afterwards." Such is the safety and benefit of tampering with medicine.

Empirics are permitted by the laws to practise with impunity. Our ancestors, indeed, who prevented, or rather repelled, disease by a life of temperance, never conceived that any human being could be so depraved as to defraud another of his money and his life, under the pretext of alleviating pain and restoring health. A still more powerful protection to impostors, is derived from the tax paid by them to the State for advertisements and patents.

The Quack.

AN EPIGRAM.

NE’ER doubt my pretensions, I am a physician,
 See, here’s my *diploma*, and in good condition;
 From Aberdeen sent by the coach, on my honour,
 I paid English gold to the generous donor.
 If that won’t suffice, here’s my prostitute patent,
 To cure all diseases, apparent or latent.
 Perhaps you suspected, I was but a poacher
 On the right of physicians, a frontless encroacher;
 But my *qualification’s* like theirs, without flaw,
And I kill my game fairly according to law!

LITERARY QUACKERY.

“Castrant alios, ut libros suos per se graciles,
 alieno adipe suffarciant.”

JOVIUS.

COMPILATION, or Book-making, is now considered as a regular trade, by the sage professors. Like empirics in medicine, the more assuming the literary quack, the more successful, especially if he has the good fortune to enter into partnership with a *puffing publisher*, who will make no scruple to advertise any falsehood, in order to promote the sale of his compilation.

It is amusing to observe the pretensions of compilers, and the pains they take to impose on the public. Sometimes the letters of a lady, after lying for half a century in the bottom of a trunk, are *brought to light*, and published at an extravagant price, to the emolument of the bookseller and the gratification of the reader. The cast-off mistress of a dissolute man of rank, becomes authoress, and writes novels and poems for the same reason that young ladies drink the Bath waters; "out of mere wantonness;" and after practising and recommending voluptuousness, till disease consigns her to the tomb, a compiler *presents* her memoirs to the public at the moderate price of one guinea.

The life of a notorious military swindler, written by himself, was published about six years ago; and the public have since been *instructed* by the life and opinions of a military profligate. Were such depraved mortals to publish their memoirs as a demonstration of the fatal effects of vice, they might be considered as doing an act of justice in favour of public morals, similar to the dying declaration of criminals at the place of execution. But they endeavour to palliate their *enormities* under the soft epithet of *error*; while an unprincipled publisher, for the sake of gain, circulates the pernicious volumes.

A certain London bookseller vends Dr. Solomon's Guide to Health and his Cordial Balm, at the same time that he professes to guide his fellow-creatures into the path of immortality!—he is a Methodist preacher! But he may endeavour to justify the enormity of his serving God and Mammon, by exclaiming with Falstaff, “*it is no sin for a man to labour at his vocation.*”

New Reviews may very properly be included among the number of compilations; and of these the most *formidable* is the ANNUAL REVIEW. The compilers of this curious *literary farrago* modestly assert, that “being the completest catalogue of books that is published, it will form an excellent *guide* in the choice of an annual assortment of new publications.”

This is very plausible; but when fairly examined it will be found, that the tendency of the Annual Review is to *misguide* the reader. It is indeed a most curious compilation, and will doubtless serve to fill a nook in the library of the lover of *printed paper*: but let him not consult it for a candid analysis of modern publications.

It is in fact a manufacture for the emolument of the operators, not the information of the public: at the same time, it would be illiberal to lay the blame particularly upon the editor, who has disclaimed all responsibility. Consequently *he* only means, by

publishing his name in the title-page, that he is the conductor of the *manufacture*, and no more accountable for the invectives, false criticisms, and misrepresentations, which adorn this *heavy* and *dear* compilation, than the armourer who fabricates the instruments of death is guilty of the destruction occasioned by war.

Next to these caterers for the public taste, may be mentioned our modern historians—

“Some write a narrative of wars, and feats
Of heroes, little known; and call the rant
A *history*!”

The book-maker collects the volumes of writers of acknowledged merit, and by the aid of a few transcribers he so completely disguises the original, that the author himself would be puzzled to recognize any resemblance. Such are—but we need not instance them; they are numerous as rats!

Sometimes the *furor scribendi* seizes on a whole family at once; and this *cacoëthes* becomes so virulent, that even the “*Edinburgh Gintment*” would prove inefficacious to the *malady*! The only remedy is *neglect*!

One of the most expensive species of *book-making* is modern biography. This is indeed a very heavy annual tax on the purse of the lover of new publications; for the principal object of the biographer being *gain*, he dilates a few incidents over a vast surface of paper, and the life of his hero,

which might have been comprised in one pocket volume, is published in three or four huge volumes quarto, at an extravagant price!

Parturient montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.—HORACE.

Several schemes have been adopted by cunning modern book-makers to obtain popularity. Some “forager in others wisdom” professes to detest the plagiarism of an eminent writer, because he knows it will gratify that natural desire of envious minds to depreciate merit.

Thus Dr. Ferriar, in his “*Illustrations of Sterne*,” may be compared to the ancient priests, who at their sacrifices first decorated the victim with flowers, and afterwards cut off its head. The sapient Doctor, however, may claim the merit of having discovered a new method of embalming; for by mingling some of the wit of Sterne with his own crude ideas, he has preserved the inert mass.

But of all the plans to obtain public approbation, none have been so successfully practised by modern literary quacks, as their endeavours to establish the *equality of the sexes*. By this artifice they hope to secure the patronage of one-half of the human species, together with that of a numerous herd of coxcombs; who, either from imbecility or politeness, acquiesce in opi-

nion with the ladies. The virtuous part of the fair sex, however, which happily constitutes a great majority, aspire to no such fanciful and egregious distinction; they are willing to be considered what our greatest poet has justly described them, "*Heaven's last best gift, our ever new delight.*"

A publisher who has kept up various *compilations* of biography like shuttle-cocks before the public, till they are heartily tired of them, it now appears, is determined to excite curiosity, by collecting and publishing voyages and travels. Doubtless so active a book-maker can soon, by the aid of scissars, paste, and a few transcribers, so totally change the style and arrangement of the best productions of travellers and voyagers, that every trace of the original author will be lost, and the compilation may be foisted upon the credulous purchaser as *new*. True taste, and genuine facts, however, must be materially injured by such vile arts to impose upon the public. And what is still worse, even reviewers, who are in the secret, will probably be induced, for a *moderate gratuity*, to recommend such a wretched farrago to their readers. Nay, a certain publisher is said to be in the habit of recommending his publications through the medium of a monthly magazine, by employing essayists to quote passages as particularly interesting. He commonly ad-

vertises his publications with as much ostentation as if the welfare of the nation depended upon them; and mentions, that on such a But he has *weighty reasons* for all this; and is said to employ correspondents who, the moment they read the advertisement, go round to the booksellers of the provincial towns, and order the book. The credulous bookseller writes up to London for half a dozen copies, which are afterwards permitted to repose quietly upon the shelf.

As *booksellers* seem almost at their *wits' end* for materials, the following hints are recommended to their consideration:

1. *Contemptible Biography*, or fulsome Eulogies on Public Characters!

2. *Contemptible Voyages and Travels*, or Mutilations of the Works of modern Tourists, Travellers, &c.

3. *Female Biography*, or the Lives of the most illustrious FISHWOMEN who have adorned London, from the time of Alfred the Great to the present day, embellished with *wood-cuts* emblematic of the *equality of the sexes*!

4. A *New System of Natural Philosophy*, to be gleaned from old Magazines, by writers most in the habit of flying to these resources.

5. *Biographical Anecdotes* of the *Orange-Outang*, and other half-reasoning animals,

who may justly claim kindred with their
brethren the Modern Philosophers.

Modern Doctors.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

THE ancient physicians, sagacious and good,
Could dissolve virgin gold and transfuse healthful
blood;
But then, skill with the moderns if we should com-
pare,
Their pretensions must vanish like vapours in air.
Derry down.

We can boast of a Beddoes, whose oxygen-gas
Can render immortal the ape and the ass;
While Swainson the botanist, son of Apollo,
Swears we ne'er shall be sick if his Syrap we swal-
low.

Derry down.

While Solomon flies on the wings of the wind,
His magical Balm on Mount Gilead to find;
Little Brodum stands stewing his herbs in a copper,
And to vend his decoction for gold he thinks proper.
Derry down.

Dull Gardner, destroyer of worms and of men,
Like Leake, sells his pills to rouse death from his
den;
And Perkins stands brandishing two pointed Trac-
tors,
To heal the contusions of girls, beaux, and actors.
Derry down.

There's the Lotion of Gowland that flays ladies' faces,
 Distorting the features of our modern graces;
 There's Lignum's dire pills—but of quack'ry
 enough,
 Let John Bull take his pipe and contentedly puff.
 Derry down..

Quack Doctors Dissected.

A NEW SONG.—TUNE, ALLY CROKER.

SUPPOSE our fell Quack Doctors hang'd to benefit
 the nation,
 That were, to use old Shakspeare's words, that
 were "*a consummation*;"
 Let us suppose then, that our Quacks, their va-
 rious frauds detected,
 Were tried, condemn'd, hung up, cut down, and
 giv'n to be dissected.

CHORUS.

Oh! Quack Doctors, unfortunate Quack Doctors.

First, Doctor Solomon the Jew, whose wealth was
 giv'n by fools, sir,
 So long accustomed to despise the dupes who were
 his tools, sir;
 The surgeon who dissected him with fear was
 overcome, sir,
 To find the Doctor's head and heart were *hollow* as
 a drum, sir.

Oh! Quack Doctors, &c.

Ben Perkins too, who lay supine, was carv'd by
 the dissecters,

Who laugh'd and said, "he paid, poor man, full
dearly for his *Tractors*;"

They found the inside of his head compos'd of solid
bone, sir,

And for his heart, alas! it was as hard as any stone,
sir.

Oh! Quack Doctors, &c.

The little Jewish Brodum next, who star'd like a
stuck pig, sir,

Who in newspapers oft had puff'd and look'd so
very big, sir;

In spite of all his cordials he, lay stretch'd as dead
as mutton,

While surgeons throng'd with knife in hand their
subject to unbutton.

Oh! Quack Doctors, &c.

Just at this crisis came in *tears* the *puffing* Dr. Bed-
does,

With *bottled air* more pure by far than that which
fans the meadows;

His oxygen he snatch'd in haste, and opening the
phial,

He held it to poor Brodum's nose long time, by
way of trial.

Oh! Quack Doctors, &c.

Then Swainson came with Velno's Syrup, and then
came Aldini,

And Wilkinson, whose Galvanism delights each
gaping ninny;

They try'd then syrup, metals, zinc, with many a
strange grimace, sir,

And once or twice they made, it seems, poor Bro-
dum twist his face, sir.

Oh! Quack Doctors, &c.

Jack Ketch who view'd them all the while, no un-
 concern'd spectator,
 For Jack, like ev'ry son of Eve, is a most curious
 creature,
 Cry'd "D—n your hocus pocus tricks, d'ye think
 to counteract me,
 "Now, if the Doctor is not hang'd in style,—you
 may dissect me.

Oh! Quack Doctors, &c.

"Come, Gemmen, you had best be off—push on,
 "I say—keep moving,
 "And in the art of poisoning, I pray, go on im-
 "proving;
 "So in the course of time, I hope, you'll duly be
 "display'd, too,
 "By me aloft, and then dissected for the good of
 "trade, too.

Oh! Quack Doctors, &c.

"This same here London is the place each useful
 "art to nourish,
 "Here various kinds of quackery, like mushrooms,
 "daily flourish;
 "There's Puffer, the quack publisher, who lives
 "near Paul's Church-Yard, sirs,
 "Shall be *exalted* yet, by me, or else it shall go
 "hard, sirs.

Oh! Quack Doctors, &c.

"Quack politicians, quack divines, quack law-
 "yers, and quack players,
 "Quack ladies too, whose varnish'd charms are
 "giddy youth's betrayers;
 "There's quack philanthropy, quack love, quack
 "friendship, and quack trade, sirs,

"In short—*except my customers*—the world's in
"masquerade, sirs."

Oh! Quack Doctors, &c.

The Doctors star'd to hear Jack Ketch so eloquent
and wise, sir,

And made a resolution that, must fill you with
surprise, sir;

For they resolv'd nem. con. to quit the trade of
killing men, sir,

So let us wish that quacks may ne'er turn poisoners
again, sir.

CHORUS.

Oh! Quack Doctors, unfortunate Quack Doctors!

JOHN CORRY.



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